SCHOOL HYMNS

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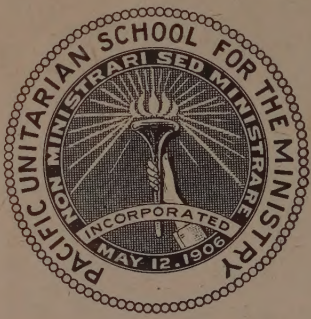

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

C. W. Mendell

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One Hundred Hymns

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

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GOOD THOUGHTS.

1. 11-10's.

1. HARK! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore!
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of mercy, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, the Father bids you come,"
And, through the gloom, the echoes gently ringing,
The music of their voices leads us home.
Angels of mercy, &c.

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
Our Father's voice sounds over land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Father, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of mercy, &c.

4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of mercy, &c.

5. Bear up, my soul, Faith's sunbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
Angels of mercy, &c.

6. Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
While we toil on, till heaven shall end our weeping,
And life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of mercy, &c.

2. C. M.

1. THE faithful men of every land,
Who Christ's own rule obey,
The holy dead of every time—
The Church of Christ are they:—

2. The saints who die and leave us now,
The good of long ago,
Women, and men, and children young,
Still living here below,

3. Who have the same eternal hope,
The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
One general voice of prayer.

4. Since we are members, then, of Christ,
How holy should we be,—
How faithful to obey our head,
In truth and purity!

5. Since we are all made one in him,
How gentle should we prove,—
How peaceful in our ways and words,—
How tender in our love!

3. 8-6's.

1. THE saints of God are holy men,
And women good, and children dear,
All those who ever loved the Lord,
And served Him truly here.

2. They are not all together now,
For some are dead and gone before;
And some are striving still on earth—
Their trial is not o'er.

3. Great numbers are they, of all states,
And born in every place and land,
Who never saw each other's face,
Nor touched each other's hand.

4. But they are all made one in Christ;
They love each other tenderly,
The old and young, the rich and poor,
Of that great company.

5. And there shall come a glorious day,
When all the good saints, every one,
Shall meet within their Father's home,
And stand before His throne.

4. C.M.

1. HOW beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars, appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they!

2. And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

3. And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far?
Glows there a light within this breast
Outshining every star?

4. Yes; should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

5. This is the soul that God to me,
His child, so kindly gives—
That wondrous soul we cannot see,
That ever, ever lives.

5. S. M.

1. COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasure less.

3. This gracious God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend;
He will sustain our fainting powers
Till life and toil shall end.

4. Then shall we see His face,
And never, never sin:
Then, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5. Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through the paths of peace,
To fairer worlds on high.

6. C. M.

1. THE Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amid the clouds of even:
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,
"Father, who art in heaven."

2. Beyond the earth, beyond the cloud,
Those infant words were given:
"Our Father," angels sang aloud,
"Father, who art in heaven."

3. "Thy kingdom come," still from the ground
That childlike voice did pray:
"Thy kingdom come," God's host resound,
Far on their starry way.

4. "Thy will be done," with loving tongue,
That lisping heart implores:
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from seraphic shores.

5. "Forever," still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"Forever," floats in music sweet,
High mid the angels there.

7. 7's.

1. GOD of Love! before Thee now,
Help us all in love to bow;
As the dews that gently fall,
Let Thy blessing rest on all!

2. Let it soften every breast,
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,
Till we feel ourselves to be
Children of one family.

3. Far across the ocean wave,
Brethren, sisters too, we have;
But they have not heard of Thee;
Wilt Thou not their Father be?

4. Let them hear the Shepherd's voice,
And beneath His care rejoice;
And together let them come
To the fold, for there is room.

5. May they learn to look above
For a heavenly Father's love;
May we meet when life is past,
In that Father's house at last.

8.

L. M.

1. ANOTHER smiling day I see,
Another day, my God, for Thee!
To Thee may I devote my powers,
And all these bright and happy hours.

2. Another smiling day I see;
Then let me bend in prayer to Thee,
And thank Thee for my tranquil rest,
The sleep Thy guardian care has blest.

3. Another smiling day I see,
And various duties point to Thee;
Let each devoted action prove
Thy child's unbounded faith and love!

4. When evening's peaceful shades descend,
With thoughts of Thee the day shall end;
And the still darker shades of night
Thy presence, Lord, shall gild with light.

9. L. M.

1. NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2. May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from stain our inmost life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

3. O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From love of folly kept secure;
May pride and passion be subdued,
And all our thoughts be true and good.

4. So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall come, like children, home to God.

10. 7's.

1. LORD, by Thee in safety borne
To another Sabbath morn,
Once again our pilgrim feet
In Thy peaceful temple meet,

2. As we pass the hallowed porch,
From our hearts the world exclude;
On the quiet of Thy church
Let not earth-born thoughts intrude.

3. Banish roving fancies far;
Tune afresh the souls that jar;
Bid to-day its influence shed,
Till the coming week be fled.

4. We must answer for to-day,
For its service and its rest;
Give us grace to praise and pray,
Grace to love Thee and be blest.

11. 7's.

1. ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2. For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

3. Whilst this thorny path we tread,
By Thy love may we be led;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!

4. Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

12. 8-7's.

1. HO! ye that rest beneath the rock,
On pastures greenly growing,
Or roam at will, a happy flock,
By waters gently flowing;
Hear ye, upon the desert air,
A voice of woe come crying,
Where, cold upon the barren moor,
God's helpless ones are dying!

2. See the great Shepherd bend and call
From fields of light and glory,
"Go, feed my sheep, and bring them all
From moor and mountain hoary!"
Ye happy flock, the call obey,
And, from the desert dreary,
Lead those who faint along the way,
Or wander, lost and weary.

13. 8-7's.

1. MEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!
Pity reigneth in thy bosom,
Kindness dwelleth in thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Gloom and care from thee depart.

2. Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still,
Long abiding, all confiding
In the heavenly Father's will,
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end,
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all mankind befriend.

14. L. M.

1. LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2. I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure nor my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3. O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The teachings of Thy holy word;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

15. 7's.

1. SUPPLIANT, lo! Thy children bend,
Father, for Thy blessing now;
Thou can'st teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty Thou.

2. With the peace Thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives and in their hearts,
Father, be Thy laws impressed.

3. Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above;
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

16. L. M.

1. COME to God's altar; O draw near;
With trusting love, His message hear;
He calls you now to seek His face,
To know His love, to find His grace.

2. Come to God's altar; O draw near,
And gladly come, for God is here:
Come at the call of that kind voice
That bids you in His love rejoice.

3. Come to God's altar; O draw near;
With grateful praises gather here:
Your Father calls, your Heavenly Friend;
O come, and in His presence bend.

PRAISE TO GOD.

17. C. M.

1. FATHER Supreme! Great God of love!
To Thee our song we raise;
Thy blessings claim our gratitude,
Thyself our highest praise.

2. As now our mingling voices rise
Up to Thy throne on high,
Oh! may our spirits mount and blend
In heavenly harmony.

3. How shall we tune our souls aright?
How seek an offering meet,
To bring unto Thy presence, Lord—
To lay before Thy feet?

4. The sweetest song, the holiest hymn,
To reach Thy heavenly throne,
Is when some spirit humbly breathes,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5. Oh, were Thy will the rule of ours,
Did we all look to Thee
To guide our wandering hearts aright,
How blest this world would be!

6. We should not then, in sad despair,
Wait for all joy to come;
Thy throne would be in every heart—
A heaven in every home.

18. 11-10's.

1. SPIRIT of Beauty! Thy presence confessing,
God can we see in a sparkle of ore;
Flowers and shells to our heart are expressing
Love like its own, but transcendently more.

2. Spirit of Beauty! each bough in its bending,
Skies in their curve, and the sea in its swell,
Streams as they wind, hills and plains in their blending,
All, in our own, of God's happiness tell.

3. Spirit of Beauty! thou soul of our Maker,
Suddenly shown in a gleam or a tint,
Oh, be each heart of thy joy a partaker—
Love and its store are alike without stint.

4. Spirit of Beauty! thou teachest us sweetly;
Prophets and psalmists yield holy delight;
Show us our Lord, and we then shall completely
Know thee as gentle omnipotent might.

5. Spirit of Beauty! our offering we render,
Thee in thy star-crowned dominion we praise;
Larklike we rise to the shadowless splendour,
Pouring out song as the sun pours his rays.

19. 8's.

1. LORD! we are thankful for the air,
For breath of life, for water fair,
For morning burst, for noonday light,
For alternation of the night,
For place in Thy infinity,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

2. For years and seasons as they run,
For wintry cloud and summer sun,
For seed-time and the autumn store,
In due succession evermore,
For flower and fruit, for herb and tree,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

3. For beauty and delight of sound,
That float Thy universe around,
For carol of the happy birds,
For fall of streams, for gush of words,
For music of the earth and sea,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

4. For daily toil that we endure,
For labour's recompense secure,
For wholesome zest of appetite,
For food and drink and slumbers light,
For vigorous health and pulses free,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

20.

8's.

1. THE sky-lark, when the dews of morn
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,
And violets round his nest exhale
Their fragrance on the early gale,
To the first sunbeam spreads his wings,
Buoyant with joy, and soars and sings.

2. He rests not in the leafy spray,
To warble his exulting lay;
But high above the morning cloud
Mounts, in triumphant freedom proud,
And swells when nearest to the sky
His notes of sweetest ecstacy.

3. Thus, my Creator, thus the more
My spirit's wing to Thee can soar
The more she triumphs to behold
The love which all Thy works unfold,
And bids her hymns of rapture be
Most glad, when rising most to Thee.

21.

C. M.

1. ALMIGHTY Father! heavenly King,
Who rul'st the worlds above,
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

2. To Thee, each morning when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And, ere the night has closed our eyes,
We thank Thee for the day.

3. Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given:
That young ones, such as we, may find
A certain path to heaven.

4. Stretch out, O Lord! Thy gracious hand
To guide our erring youth,
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

22.

C. M.

1. LORD, I would own Thy tender care
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

2. 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou giv'st me power.

3. My health, and friends, and parents dear
To me by God are given:
I have not any blessings here
But what are sent by Heaven.

4. Such goodness, Lord, and constant care
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

23.

C. M.

1. ETERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With Thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2. Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold,
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye
And starred with sparkling gold.

3. Thy wondrous power and skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,—
A thousand flowers between.

4. Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder,—God.

24.

C. M.

1. I SING the Almighty Power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2. I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4. His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

25.

L. M.

1. GOD is so good that He will hear
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

2. He loves to hear a grateful tongue
Thank Him for all His mercies given;
And when on earth His praise is sung,
The cheerful notes are heard in heaven.

TRUST IN GOD.

26.

C. M.

1. GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

2. He might have made the herbs enough
For every want of ours,
For med'cine, luxury, and food,
And yet have made no flowers.

3. Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed in rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night;—

4. Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the secret wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

5. Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
And beautify the earth;—

6. To comfort man, and whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For God, who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him.

27.

C. M.

1. MY heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

2. I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

3. A happy song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set;
I bless Thee, Father, for the grace
I have not tasted yet.

4. I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But He whose love hath made it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

5. My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

6. "Thou art my portion, O my God!"
Ten thousand voices say,
Whose music, rising up to heaven,
Will never die away.

28. 7's.

1. LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep,
Through the weary wilderness.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

2. There are stony ways to tread;—
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to thread;—
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

3. There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear.
Where the feeble faint and die;—
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

4. There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades:
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

5. Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

29.

7-6's.

1. WHEN winter winds are blowing,
So stormy and so high,
And very fast 'tis snowing,
And very dark the sky;
How thankful should we then be,
For house, and home, and food,
To God who keeps us safely,
And always does us good.

2. His mercy watches o'er us
In every season still,
Nor cold nor heat can harm us,
Unless it be His will;

If He send pain or sorrow,
He still will be our stay—
Then let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3. It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

30. L. M.

1. THE Lord our God fills every place,
We cannot say He's here or there,
Nor hear His voice, nor see His face:
Yet still our God is everywhere.

2. He reigns through all the worlds on high;
Supports and guards them by His power:
Yet hears the infant's softest cry,
And tends the growth of every flower.

3. His breath upholds the seraph's flight,
Sustains the lark on quivering wings:
He dyes the clouds with crimson light,
And spreads the shades that evening brings.

4. He hovers o'er each dying bed,
Upon the land or on the waves;
And broods above the quiet dead,
In grassy or in watery graves.

5. Since Thou, O God, art everywhere,
And from Thy presence none can fly,
On Thee I'll rest life's varying care,
And, when Thou call'st, will trustful die.

31. 8-4's.

1. WHEN silence reigns o'er plain and hill,
When darkness veils the morn's bright face,
When earth and all her cares are still,
The humble heart e'en then can trace
Thy voice, O Lord!

2. When storms and tempests rage around,
When thunders waken trembling fear,
In awe we listen to the sound,
And bow before Thee, as we hear
Thy voice, O Lord!

3. When gentle breezes stir the leaves,
When rippling waters sweetly move,
When melody the ear receives,
In joy we hear the sound we love,—
Thy voice, O Lord!

4. When doubts and cares oppress our hearts,
And friends are far, and hope is gone,
When every cherished joy departs,
One comfort then remains alone,—
Thy voice, O Lord!

5. The still, small voice that whispers peace,
And tells a Father's love is near,
That bids our cares and troubles cease:
Oh, blest are they in faith who hear
Thy voice, O Lord!

32. C. M.

1. AS helpless as a child that clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;

So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.

2. As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to Thee, my Father, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3. As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society;
So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

33.

S. M.

1. WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

2. Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

3. Oh! Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart!
Oh! great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart!

4. Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy quickening power;
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

5. In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

34.

7's.

1. LOVING Father, put away
All things wrong I've done to-day;
Make me gentle, true, and good,
Make me love Thee as I should:

2. Make me feel by day and night
I am ever in Thy sight;—
Jesus was a little child,
Make me like him, meek and mild.

3. Heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
Take Thy child into Thy care:
Let Thy angels good and bright,
Watch around me through the night.

4. Keep me now, and, when I die,
Take me to my home on high;
Father, merciful and good,
May I trust Thee as I should.

35.

7's.

1. POOR and needy though I be,
God, my Father, cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2. He will hear me when I pray;
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
All my cares on Him to take.

3. Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with His smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with Him at last.

4. Then to Him I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy for ever be,
God, my Father, cares for me.

36. 7's.

1. HAPPY soul, that safe from harm
Rests within his Shepherd's arm!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

2. Seek, O Lord, Thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back and lead and keep;
Take on Thee my every care;
Bear me on Thy bosom, bear.

3. Let me know my Shepherd's voice;
More and more in Thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive;
Ever in Thy Spirit live;—

4. Live, till all Thy love I know,
Perfect in my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

37. 8's.

1. "HE leadeth me"; Oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still, it is God that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me.

2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still, it is God that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! &c.

3. Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since it is God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

4. And when my task on earth is done—
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
In death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God, my Father, leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

38. 7's.

1. WAYWARD though I am, and weak,
God, my Father, I would seek;
Sure I am He cares for me;
Loving Father! guide Thou me.

2. Make me loving, gentle, kind,
Leading others Thee to find;
When my way I cannot see,
Loving Father! guide Thou me.

3. Let me still in Thee confide;
Keep me ever by Thy side;
All my way I leave to Thee;
Loving Father! guide Thou me.

4. Though I tread the valley drear,
With Thee nothing can I fear;
Though through clouds of grief it be,
Loving Father! guide Thou me.

39. 8-7's.

1. WHO can doubt of preservation,
That remembers "God is love"?
Though an atom in creation,
He beholds me from above;
He who hears the raven's cry,
He will every want supply.

2. If the dew, from heaven descending,
Fell not on the single blade,
Who would see the green crops bending,
In ten thousand gems arrayed?
When the blade shall lack the dew,
I shall be forgotten too.

3. Were each little leaf neglected,
What would clothe the waving wood?
Were each little drop rejected,
What compose the ocean flood?
Who fills the river, decks the tree,
Always will remember me.

40. L. M.

1. THERE'S nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

2. There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3. The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

41.

7's.

1. AS the sun's enlivening ray
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name.

2. Father! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3. In Thy strength may we be strong;
Soften, Lord, each headstrong will!
As we walk life's path along,
Let us feel Thy presence still!

42.

C. M.

1. ALMIGHTY Father! I am weak,
But Thou wilt strengthen me,
If from my heart I humbly seek
For life and light from Thee.

2. When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,
And make my failing virtues strong;
Help me to think of Thee!

3. Let truth and courage guard my youth;
The courage give to me
Which ever speaks and acts the truth,
And puts its trust in Thee.

43. 7's.

1. ONE there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps His children when they fall.

2. Pass we then, in love and praise,
Trusting Him through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless fear;
God provideth for us here.

DEDICATION TO GOD.

44. 7's.

1. HOLY Father! life is fair;
I have known no secret care;
Sunbeams all around me rest,
Joy is still my bosom's guest.

2. Safe within a home of love,
Mercies round me daily prove
That I am a happy child,
Sheltered from the tempest wild.

3. Holy Father! life is fair,
Therefore listen to my prayer;
Let me come within Thy fold,
Ere my heart grows hard and cold.

4. I'm afraid that if I wait
Sin may keep me from Thy gate;
So I humbly knock and pray;
Do not send Thy child away.

5. Though I am so happy now,
Health upon my youthful brow,
Yet I know that life will bring
Winter too, as well as Spring.

6. Therefore take me to Thy breast,
Let me on Thy bosom rest;
Fill my heart with love divine,
Let Thine image in me shine.

7. Teach me how to pray aright,
How to keep my God in sight;
Let me walk each day with Thee,
And do Thou my Father be.

8. Then my life will all be bright;
Thou wilt be my joy and light;
And I shall not fear to die;
Heaven will be my home on high.

45. C. M.

1. IT was my heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth;
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.

2. Each lovely flower, the smallest fly—
The sea, the waterfall,
The bright green fields, the clear blue sky—
'Twas God that made them all.

3. He gives me all my friends, and taught
My heart to love them well;
And He bestowed the power of thought,
And speech, my thoughts to tell.

4. My father and my mother dear,
He is their Father too;
He bids me all their precepts hear,
And all they teach me do.

5. God sees and hears me all the day,
And, 'mid the darkest night,
He views me when I disobey,
And when I act aright.

6. He guards me with a parent's care
When I am all alone;
My hymn of praise, my humble prayer,
He hears them every one.

7. God hears what I am saying now,
Oh! what a wondrous thought!
My heavenly Father! teach me how
To love Thee as I ought.

46.

C. M.

1. NOW that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2. And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3. What sorrows may my steps attend
I cannot now foretell;
But, since the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

4. If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
God would regard the orphan's cry;
Then what have I to fear.

5. Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O Lord, forsake me not.

6. Then still, as seasons hasten by,
I will for heaven prepare;
That God may take me when I die
To dwell for ever there.

47.

7-6's.

1. O, come in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day.

2. Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

3. Remember thy Creator
Now, in thy youthful days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.

4. Remember thy Creator;
   He calls in tones of love,
And offers endless pleasure
   In brighter worlds above.

5. And, in the hour of sadness,
   When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
   And cheer thy drooping heart.

6. And when life's storms are over,
   And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
   Throughout eternity.

48. 7's.

1. MANY voices seem to say—
   "Hither, children, here's the way;
Haste along, and nothing fear;
Everything is pleasant here!"

2. Yes, but whither would ye lead?
Is it happiness indeed,
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to shame and woe?

3. We were made for better things;
High as heaven our nature springs:
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4. We were made to love, revere,
Him who made and placed us here;
Made to study and fulfil
All His good and holy will.

5. We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile;
Thinking, as we labour thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

49.

C. M.

1. CAN any one begin too soon,
In early years, to know
That heavenly friend whose steps attend
'Mid earthly weal or woe?

2. 'Tis not too soon, when life's begun,
To fade away and die;
'Tis not too soon, when wrong is done,
To seek for help on high.

3. 'Tis not too soon our guilt to own,
In tender, humble prayer;
'Tis not too soon, when we're alone,
To trust a Father's care.

4. 'Tis not too soon the path to shun
That leads the soul astray;
'Tis not too soon the race to run
Along the heavenly way.

5. 'Tis not too soon, in childhood's hour,
To put our trust in God;
'Tis not too soon to use our power
To shun the downward road.

50.

L. M.

1. WHEN I look up to yonder sky
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me:

2. His name is God; He gave me birth;
And every living thing on earth,
And every tree and plant that grows,
To the same hand its being owes.

3. 'Tis He my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides;
And when I close my slumbering eye,
I sleep in peace, for He is nigh.

4. Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above:
For very kind and good is He,
To love a child of earth like me.

51.

7's.

1. HEAR ye not a voice from heaven
To the listening spirit given?
"Children, come," it seems to say;
"Give your hearts to me to-day."

2. While to Thee, O Lord, we come
In our morning's early bloom,
Breathe on us Thy grace divine,
Take our hearts and make them Thine.

3. Father, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be—
Loving Him who first loved me.

4. With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

52. L. M.

1. GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

2. Art Thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

3. Art Thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

4. Art Thou my Father?—Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Oh! take me to Thyself in love,
To be Thy happy child above.

53. C. M.

1. HAPPY is he whose early years
Are spent in wisdom's way;
Who shuns the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads astray.

2. Our youth devoted to the Lord
Is pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3. 'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
But sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

4. It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Truth will sustain our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

54. 7's.

1. FATHER! at Thy footstool see
Those who now are one in Thee:
Each to each unite and bless;
Keep us in Thy perfect peace.

2. Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

3. Lord of our supreme desire,
Fill us now with heavenly fire:
Nobly may we bear the strife,
Keep the holiness of life;

4. Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

55. 8-7's.

1. FATHER, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

2. Take me now, O Father, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4. Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

56.

C. M.

1. BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, by influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

4. O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

57.

C. M.

1. THY home is with the humble, Lord,
Their quiet is Thy rest;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there Thy nest.

2. Dear Comforter, Eternal love,
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a home for Thee.

3. Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let none possess it, Lord, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest.

58. C. M.

1. I THINK of Thee, my God, by night,
And talk of Thee by day;
Thy love, my treasure and delight,
Thy truth, my strength and stay.

2. The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblest with thoughts of Thee;
And dull to me the sweetest song,
Unless its theme Thou be.

3. So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let Thy presence be
My joy, my breath, my life, my light;—
My soul at rest in Thee.

A GOOD LIFE.

59. C. M.

1. THE old year's long campaign is o'er,
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won:
Out of his still and deep repose
We hear the old year say,
"Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day!"

2. "Go forth! Firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm;
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm!
Go in the spirit and the might
Of him who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day!"

3. So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear or fly:
Love we the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, the charge in view—
"Toil on while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day."

4. Lord God, our Glory, Gracious One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end;
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And infinite sweet triumph crown
Thy children of the day.

60.

C. M.

1. THERE is a mother's voice of love
To hush her little child;
There is a father's voice of praise,
So earnest and so mild.

2. But there is yet another voice,
That speaks in gentle tone—
I think that we can hear it best
When we are quite alone.

3. It is a still, small, holy voice,
The voice of God most high,
That whispers always in our heart,
And says that He is by.

4. The voice will blame us when we're wrong,
And praise us when we're right;
We hear it in the light of day,
And in the quiet night.

5. And even they whose ears are deaf
To every other sound—
When they have listened, in their hearts
The little voice have found.

6. And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked Him for His voice,
That taught them what was right and true,
And made their hearts rejoice.

61.

8-7's.

1. HAPPY days are gliding o'er us,
Life is fresh and earth is fair;
Sorrow swiftly flies before us,
And we gaily laugh at care.

2. From our quiet slumber springing,
Cheerfully we pass the day,
Each succeeding moment bringing
Pleasant study, work, or play.

3. Sometimes angry passions rising
Drive away our peace of mind,—
Parents grieving, friends surprising,
That we are not always kind.

4. If we cherish good affections,
And our parents' word obey;
If we follow the directions
Of our teachers through the day;

5. If our spirit, meekness learning,
Unto God its homage gives,
Like the modest violet turning
To the sky its azure leaves;

6. Then we never need be fearful;
Heaven will bless us from above:
We are good and we are cheerful,
When our hearts are full of love.

62.

7's.

1. WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us—"It is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

2. If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says—"Your fault confess,
Do not dare to tell a lie."

3. When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
"Now subdue it," conscience cries,
"Do command your temper still."

4. Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

5. But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard
That it will not speak at all.

63. 7's.

1. FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

2. Blessèd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need;
He my trembling steps will lead.

3. Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever learn of him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4. Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Thee, my gracious Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

5. Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

64. C. M.

1. SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

2. A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3. No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

4. Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all who serve the Right,
The Holy, True, and Free.

65.

7-3's.

1. BE not swift to take offence,
Let it pass;
Anger is a foe to sense,
Let it pass;
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass.

2. Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass;
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass;
Since our joy must pass away
Like the dewdrop on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay?
Let it pass.

3. If your good be taken ill,
Let it pass;
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass;
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass.

66. 7's.

1. "CANNOT do it!" say not so;
All are weak, full well I know;
But if you will seek the Lord,
He will needful strength afford;
Teach you how to conquer sin,
Purify your heart within.
On your Father's help rely;
Trust and try—trust and try.

2. "Cannot do it!" scorn the thought;
You can do whate'er you ought:
Ever Duty's call obey,
Strive to walk in wisdom's way;
Let the coward, if he will,
Use the timid "cannot" still:
On yourself and God rely;
Trust and try—trust and try.

67. S. M.

1. 'TIS not enough to say,
We're sorry and repent;
But still go on, from day to day,
Just as we always went.

2. Repentance is to leave
The sin we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

3. Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

68.

8-10's.

1. DARE to do right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, and well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

2. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Failures of others will never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honour, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

3. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
He who created you cares for you too;—
Treasures the tears that His striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.

69.

8-7's.

1. STAR of Progress! guide us onward
By thy ever glorious light;
May our motto e'er be—"Onward,"
Swerve not to the left nor right.

2. Star of Hope! when care or sorrow
Gathers clouds around the heart,
Show to us the joyous morrow,
Which will life and joy impart.

3. Star of Love! O blissful token
Of the joys that are to come,
When by love's bright chain unbroken,
We shall all be gathered home.

70.

8's.

1. FROM little seeds the flowerets spring,
Sweet perfume o'er our path to fling;
And noble oaks derive their birth
From acorns buried in the earth;
And yellow corn, on waving plains,
Springs up from tiny scattered grains.

2. How small the seed of truth appears,
Oft sown in trembling and with tears;
And yet, that precious germ imparts
The balm of life to desert hearts:
Nor shall its progress stay until
Its branches all the world shall fill.

71.

C. M.

1. TO speak the truth is always right,
And therefore always best:
'Tis sinful, in our Maker's sight,
Even to lie in jest.

2. Falsehood can never prosper long,
Its triumph soon is past:
But truth, howe'er opposed, is strong,
And will for ever last.

72.

C. M.

1. LORD, what a pleasant life were this
If all did well their parts;
If all did one another love
Sincerely from their hearts.

2. No envious thought, no slandering tongue
Would e'er disturb our peace;
But love and joy would reign around,
And all unkindness cease.

JESUS.

73. 8-7's.

1. ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,—
Jesus was that little child.

2. He came forth from God our Father,
Friend and Brother to us all,
Yet his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall:
With the poor and sad and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3. And, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch his loving mother
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4. For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Fears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle,
Is our Friend in heaven above,
And he leads God's children on
To the place where he is gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
Shall we see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white, shall wait around.

74.

11-9's.

1. I THINK when I hear that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children like lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

2. If Jesus were here, he would smile on my song,
When to love him and praise him I tried;
With sweetest hosannas I'd join in the throng,
And would press myself close to his side.
And if they should chide me, or send me away,
I would cling to his sheltering knee;
And I'd tell them the words he himself once did say,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3. Yet still to the footstool of mercy I'll go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above
In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are cleansed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

4. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that beautiful home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I so long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

75.

7's.

1. HAPPY children! come and hear,
Jesus speaks, you need not fear;
Sweeter words there cannot be,
"Little children, come to me."

2. He's the shepherd, and he knows
All your wants and all your woes;
Not a lamb can suffer harm,
Guarded by his faithful arm.

3. On this earth he lived like you,
Weakness, pain, and sorrow knew;
Now in heaven that gentle friend
Waits for us till life shall end.

4. Happy children! now obey,
Hear his voice, and learn his way;
True, and kind, and humble be;
"Little children, come to me."

HOME ON EARTH.

76. 10-7's.

1. O, of all places the wide world around,
Home is the best, dearest home!
Happier spot have our feet never found;
Home is the best, dearest home!
There shineth sunlight that bringeth no shade,
There bloom the blossoms that never shall fade,—
Blossoms of truth in love's sunshine arrayed;
Home is the best, dearest home!

2. Friends kindly greet us wherever we go;
Home is the best, dearest home!
None like the loved home companions we know;
Home is the best, dearest home!
Father and mother make holy the place;
Sisters and brothers adorn it with grace;
Gentle affections illumine each face;
Home is the best, dearest home!

3. How shall we render this dear place more dear?
Home is the best, dearest home!
What can we bring for an offering here?
Home is the best, dearest home!
Hearts in which pleasure with duty shall blend;
Lips that shall never, O! never offend;
Hands that all kindly assistance shall lend;
Home is the best, dearest home!

4. Smile on our homes, O Father on high!
Home is the best, dearest home!
Let Thy good spirit be there ever nigh!
Home is the best, dearest home.!
And may our lives, in our homes here below,
Calmly, and purely, and peacefully flow;
That we may sing, until upward we go—
Home is the best, dearest home!

77. C. M.

1. A YOUNG rose in the summer-time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;

2. But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

3. The sun may kiss the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour;

4. But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer-time,
And brighter than the dew.

5. It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.

6. But oh! if those who cluster round
The home that gave us birth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

78. 7-5's.

1. THERE is beauty all around
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home.

Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

2. In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom at our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3. Kindly Heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
Oh! there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

79.

7-6's.

1. HOME, home, name how endearing!
Home, home, shrined in my breast:
Home, home, to my heart cheering;
Still in thy bosom I rest!

2. Home, home, happiest of places;
Home, home, my heart's desire;
Home, home, kind were the faces
That I have met round thy fire.

3. Home, home, from thee benighted;
Home, home, for thee I yearn:
Home, home, to thee united,
Back to thy joys I'd return.

4. Home, home, O how I love thee!
Home, home, dear to my heart:
Home, home, fain would I keep thee;
Ne'er from thy light to depart.

5. Home, home, yet I must leave thee;
Home, home, life of my love:
Home, home, yet I shall find thee
In the dear country above.

80.

11's.

1. BE kind to each other, the night's coming on,
When friend and when brother, perchance, may be gone,
When, 'midst our dejection, how sweet to have earned
The best recollection of kindness returned.

2. When day hath departed, and memory keeps
The watch broken-hearted, when all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not, nor envy disprove,
Let trifles prevail not against those you love:

3. Nor change with to-morrow should fortune take wing;
The deeper the sorrow the closer still cling.
Be kind to each other, the night's coming on,
When friend and when brother, perchance, may be gone.

81.

L. M.

1. MY heavenly Father and my King,
To Thee my heart, my life I bring;
O send Thy spirit from above
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

2. May I from every act abstain
That hurts or gives another pain;
And bear a sympathizing part
Where'er I meet a wounded heart.

3. Let love through all my actions shine,
An image fair, though faint, of Thine.
So shall my life an offering be
To Him who loves and cares for me.

82. L. M.

1. THE God of heaven is pleased to see
The home where kindred souls agree;
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

2. For love and kindness please Him more
Than if we gave Him all our store;
And children here who dwell in love
Are like His little ones above.

3. Great God, forgive whenever we
Forget Thy will and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

83. C. M.

1. "THE children come!" the angels cry;
"They leave a world of sin;
At heaven's gate our armies wait,
To let the travellers in.
They dwelt in darkness, but there came
A glorious, golden light;
It shone on high, it filled the sky,
It chased away their night.

2. They come! they come! redeemed and free,
From every land they come;
By night, by day, a bright array,
They're welcomed one by one.
From sultry climes, and frozen shores,
Green fields, or barren sands,
With eager feet we haste to greet
Their souls from distant lands.

3. And when the last of all their band
No more on earth shall roam,
When these are blest who've onward prest,
To find in heaven their home,
Then millions more will tread their way,
And sing their pilgrim-song;
While nobler bands from darker lands
Their dying strains prolong."

4. And still they sing, those angels bright,
While here we toil and pray,
But we ere long may join their song,
When we have passed away.
O spirits fair! receive us then,
With songs and harpings sweet;
Let heaven ring, while angels sing,
Our happy souls to greet.

84.

7-6's.

1. JERUSALEM the Golden!
I long for one fair gleam
Of all thy glory, shrouded
In distance and in dream;
My thoughts like sons in exile
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse at that dear country,
That seems so far away.

2. Jerusalem the Golden!
Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a-singing,
Of thee some secret knows.
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or birds can see;
But all these summer raptures
Are prophecies of thee.

3. Jerusalem the Golden!
Where loftily they sing,
O'er vanished pain and sorrow,—
For ever triumphing.
Lowly may be thy portal,
And dark may be thy door,
But O the inner glory!
God's palace for His poor.

4. Jerusalem the Golden!
There are our Birds that flew,—
Our Flowers but half-unfolded,
Our Pearls that turned to dew:
And all the glad life-music
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us
As we are drawing near.

85. 8-7's.

1. NO mortal eye that land hath seen,
Beyond, beyond the river;—
Its smiling valleys, hills so green,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Its shores are coming nearer,
The skies are growing clearer,
Each day it seemeth dearer,
That land beyond the river.

We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm,
Its rage is almost over;
We'll anchor in the harbour soon,
In the land beyond the river.

2. No cankering care nor mortal strife
Beyond, beyond the river,
But happy, never-ending life,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Through the eternal hours,
God's love, in heavenly showers,
Shall nourish joy's fair flowers,
In the land beyond the river.

We'll stand the storm, &c.

3. That glorious day will ne'er be done,
Beyond, beyond the river,
When we've the crown and kingdom won,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure
In the land beyond the river.

We'll stand the storm, &c.

4. When shall we look, from Zion's hill,
Beyond, beyond the river?
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There angels bright are singing,
With joy their homes are ringing,
Peace, love, and gladness bringing
To the land beyond the river.

We'll stand the storm, &c.

86. 9-6's.

1. THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

2. "Shall I have nought that is fair?" said he—
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes;
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

4. "My Lord hath need of these flow'rets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their bosoms white
These sacred blossoms wear."

6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

7. Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

87. C. M.

1. SWEET are the ties that bind in one
The family above,
For through their hearts the raptures run
Of God's eternal love.

2. There everlasting Spring unfolds
The flowers of every clime,
And every form the mind beholds
Is beauteous and sublime.

3. God's love is glory in the sky
And music in the air,
And every breath is melody,
And every thought a prayer.

4. There are the angel friends who come
When night is calm and still;
With visions of their blessèd home
Our quickened hearts to thrill.

5. Upon the suffering martyr's way
Hope's brilliant light they shed.
To every child of woe they say,
"Dear heart, be comforted."

6. Give us, our Father! so to live
That we may feel and see
Those fairest angels who receive
Their life's sweet love from thee.

88. 8-7's.

1. WHEN our earthly life is ended
And our earthly mission done,
We shall go across the river,
At the setting of the sun;

And, in God's celestial mansions,
Clothed in garments white and fair,
We shall meet those gone before us;
We shall know each other there.

2. Yes, we'll meet them all in heaven,—
All that holy, happy band,—
And our hearts shall leap with rapture
When we take them by the hand.
O, how sweet will be the meeting,
Earthly words can ne'er declare,
But we'll know the bliss of heaven
When we meet each other there.

3. Do not tell us that our loved ones
Lose their earthly memories there,
When they sing among the angels
In their heavenly mansions fair;
Oft they think of what we're doing,
Oft our joys and sorrows share,
And when we have passed the river
We shall know our loved ones there.

89. 8-7's.

1. WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome;
When sweet angel-voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home,
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care;
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?
Shall we know each other there?

2. When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit-land?

Shall we see the dear eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the heart's entwining
Fonder, warmer, than before?
Shall we know each other there?

3. O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day.
Music, touched by angel-fingers,
Falls upon my raptured ear;
Evermore their sweet song lingers,—
We shall know each other there!
We shall know each other there!

90.

C. M.

1. DEATH is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain,
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.

2. Death is the conqueror's welcome home,
The heavenly city's door,
The entrance of the world to come—
'Tis life for evermore.

3. Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore,
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.

4. Death is the gaining of a crown
Where saints and angels meet,
The laying of our burden down
At the Deliverer's feet.

5. Death is a song from seraph-lips,
The day-spring from on high,
The ending of the soul's eclipse,—
It's transit to the sky.

91.

C. M.

1. I HAVE a dear and happy home,
And much my home I love,
But yet I know there is for me
A better home above.

2. There sin and sorrow cannot come,
Or thought of pain and care;
God wipes the tears from every face,
And all are happy there.

3. No angry passions there are felt,
Nor quarrels ever come;
For every heart is full of love,
Within that happy home.

4. They praise with joy the Father's name,
His glorious likeness bear;
They love Him with a perfect love,
For all are holy there.

5. Lord, when my work on earth is done,
A place for me prepare;
And take me to that happy home,
To dwell for ever there.

92.

7-6's.

1. AND shall we dwell together,
As children dwell at home,
And every one be happy,
And not a sorrow come;—

2. Dark people, from the islands
Far scattered o'er the sea;—
Pale men, from icy deserts,
Too cold for flower or tree?

3. Yes, all shall dwell together,
That once were far apart;
All who have served their Saviour
With hand, and tongue, and heart.

4. Yes, all shall dwell together,
As children dwell at home,
And then we shall be happy,
God's kingdom will have come.

93.

9-10's.

1. A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
His heart oppressed, and with anguish driven,
From his home below to his home in heaven!

2. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
Our strength decays and our health is riven,
We are happy still with a home in heaven.

3. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain and lifts his eyes
To that bright world,—what a joy is given,
By the blessed thought of a home in heaven!

4. A home in heaven! where our friends are fled,
From the cheerless gloom of the silent dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We shall meet again in our home in heaven.

94. 7's.

1. "WHO are they, whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?"

2. "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together meet at last,
At the portals of the sky."

4. Each the welcome word awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in.

95. 8-7's.

1. ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet happy voice has fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

2. But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessèd angels bow.

3. May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod!
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God!

4. May kind angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free!
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to Thee!

96.

L. M.

1. HIGH heaven! my home and fatherland,
With face upturned to thee I stand;
And many a dear and tender tie
Unites me to my home on high.

2. To heaven, my home and fatherland,
I lift in faith my heart and hand;
To that dear land my wishes roam,
There shall I find my brighter home.

3. Heaven is my home and fatherland,
My friends are there, a blessed band;
A pilgrim here, I hasten on
To where their happy souls have gone.

4. High heaven's my home and fatherland,
And God my Father there doth stand,
And He will take me home to share
His kingdom with my kindred there.

97.

7-6's.

1. HERE we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
O! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

2. All who love the Lord below,
   When they die to heaven will go,
   And sing with saints above.
   O! that, &c.

3. Little children will be there,
   Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
   From every Sunday school.
   O! that, &c.

4. Teachers, too, shall meet above,
   Pastors, parents, whom we love,
   Shall meet to part no more.
   O! that, &c.

98. L. M.

1. HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
   But all who hope to enter there
   Must here that holy course begin,
   Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2. Clean hearts, O God, in us create;
   Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
   Commence we now that higher state,
   Now do Thy will, as angels do.

3. In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
   Learn every lesson of his love;
   And be from grace to glory led,
   From heaven below to heaven above.

99. C. M.

1. HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
   Our glowing hearts in one,
   Hail sacred hope that tunes our minds
   To harmony divine!—

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Our Father's word has given—
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2. No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye
And love immortal glows.
Oh sacred hope, oh blissful hope,
Our Father's word has given—
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

100.

1. GOOD King Wenceslas lookt out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling:—
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how—
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore Christian men be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

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